Knot Having It

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Knot Having It

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Feixiao and the reader have sweaty hot nasty drunk rut sex and then she knots them

Notes

No talking about anything at all in my comments about knotting or anything similar you will be shot on sight I was just experimenting smut kys

Anyways probably gonna post a bunch of my feixiao drafts, I might he/him masc her we'll see but I defo have so many headcanons about this character it's not even funny

If hoyo wasn't cowards they would make her 7 foot 5 big muscular sweaty and hairy with scars and big ass canine teeth I want my big sweaty alpha feixiao please god

Anyways

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Her hips slammed into you, a joyful, uncoordinated whump that had your teeth rattling in your skull.

"Arbiters... hah... you're just... so good," she panted, her voice a happy, sloppy rumble. Her sharp fangs, that could tear through steel plating, scraped playfully against the shell of your ear. You yelped, your own ears flattening reflexively.

"Gah—Fei, watch the fangs!" you managed to gasp out, your protest muffled by the tabletop.

"S'rry, s'rry," she murmured, not sounding sorry at all. She replaced the nip with a wet, open-mouthed kiss to your neck, her tongue lapping at the skin. "Just... hnnngh... you feel amazing. So... so tight..."

Her words, slurred and simple, sent a shiver straight down your spine. That was the problem. You knew better, but your body was a traitor, melting and gripping around that colossal, veined thickness with every unthinking lurch of her hips.

Then, the rhythm shifted.

The happy, boisterous humming of the victory march faded. Her breathing deepened, turning from cheerful panting into something heavier, something more focused. The sloppy, celebratory thrusts became more more powerful, angled. The sheer weight of her doubled down, pressing you harder against the wood. Her massive hands, which had been loosely gripping your waist, spread wide and clamped down, her thumbs digging into the dips of your flanks as if to hold you still.

A string of hot drool hit your shoulder blade, and you shuddered. Oh, no. This was the part you really hated.

"Hhhh... buddy?" she whispered, her voice suddenly losing all its boisterous cheer, dropping into a low, needy growl that vibrated through your entire frame. "Hey... 'm... 'm almost there..."

You squeezed your eyes shut. "Fei... don't you dare—"

"Can I... hnnngh... c'n I knot?" she pleaded, her voice cracking with a sudden, desperate whine. "Please? Please? It feels... it feels so ready..."

"No!" you yelped, trying to wrench your hips away. It was useless; her grip was immovable. "Feixiao, absolutely not! We... ahh... we talked about this! You know what happens!"

"But whyyyyyy?" The 'Great General,' the 'Merlin's Claw,' the hero of the Yaoqing, was literally whining. It was a full-on, petulant, foot-stomping sound, completely at odds with the powerhouse currently fucking you into her table. "It feels so good! I wanna! C'mooooon, just... just let me. Just for a little bit!"

"A 'little bit' is an hour, you giant, brainless mutt!" you snapped, the argument sounding utterly ridiculous even to your own ears, especially when your voice broke on a gasp as she gave a deliberately deep, testing thrust. That fat, swollen knot at her base—the source of all your upcoming problems—slammed against your hole, a brutal, wet thwack. It wanted in.

"I'll write you a note!" she offered, as if that solved everything. "I'll tell 'em... 'm... 'General's orders.' 'Gave you... hnnngh... the day off.'"

She was trying to do it. You could feel the pressure changing, that thick ridge of muscle trying to swell, to push past your resisting ring of flesh and lock inside you. You struggled, a pathetic, light wriggle against her overwhelming strength.

"Feixiao! Cut it out!" you shouted, pushing back against the table to try and get some leverage.

"I'm... ahh... serious! Stop pushing like that! It's not going to—ghn—happen!"

"But it's riiiiight there!" she groaned, a sound of pure, animal frustration. She slammed into you again, harder, a desperate, clumsy attempt to force the knot.

"It wants... I need it... c'mon, don't be mean..."

"I'm not being mean, you..." you grunted, your brain short-circuiting as that massive, tapered head scraped a particularly sensitive spot. "...you overgrown… You're the one who's going to be complaining in twenty minutes when you're sober and... and stuck!"

"Won't complain!" she lied, her voice thick with arousal and booze. "Promise! Just... just let me... let me..."

Her thrusts were frantic now, messy and desperate, and you were just

holding on for dear life, caught in a ridiculous, breathless argument with the strongest person on the ship, who was currently behaving like a child being denied a sweetbun.

"I'm not... ghn... kidding, Fei! Stop... Stop it!" you yelled, trying to buck and twist away. It was like trying to shrug off a mountain.

That whine in her throat... it was a lie. A negotiating tactic. The second you put up a real fight, the petulance vanished, replaced by a low, determined growl.

"Just... a... little... more..." she grunted, her voice thick with effort.

Her hands weren't just holding you; they were enforcing. Her grip tightened, her massive, calloused palms spanning your hips, and then, with an easy grunt that belied the sheer, insulting power behind it, she lifted your hips clean off the table.

You were dangling, your ass in the air, your hands and chest still braced on the wood. All your leverage was gone. You were just a toy, held in place exactly where she wanted you.

"FEI—NO! DON'T YOU—"

Your protest was choked off by her own roar. It wasn't a sloppy, drunken lurch this time. She slammed herself forward, a single, decisive, muscle-straining lunge, timed perfectly with her pulling your hips back onto her.

It was less a thrust and more an impaling.

You screamed into the table as you felt an agonizing, brutal, stretching pop. The resistance you'd been maintaining, the muscular clench that was your only defense, was torn wide open. That thick, swollen circumference of her knot, which had been brutally smashing against you, was suddenly inside you.

And it didn't stop. The moment it cleared your cunt, it swelled.

A hot, immediate expansion bloomed deep in your core. It was a feeling of impossible fullness, of pressure, of being plugged and staked from the inside out. You were locked. She was in, and she wasn't coming out.

A profound, full-body shudder ripped through her. Feixiao let out a deep, guttural groan, a sound of such absolute, primal victory that it

vibrated your very bones. She slumped, her massive hand pressing down on your back, her face was red, panting like she'd just run ten miles.

You, on the other hand, were just trembling, your vision whited out, trying to process what the hell had just happened.

"You... you idiot!" you finally gasped, your voice shaking with a mixture of pain and pure exasperation. "You absolute... ghnn... stupid, thick-skulled mutt! I told you no!"

You tried to shove back, to dislodge her. It was useless. You were attached, hip to ass, as intimately and immovably as if you'd been welded together. Pushing back only rocked her, and by extension, you.

"Hnnnngh... worth it..." she mumbled, her voice blissfully happy and muffled by the inebriation. She nuzzled you, her fangs scraping lightly. "S'so good... See? Perfect... Fits perfect..."

"It does not fit!" you hissed, your face still mashed against the table. "It's stuck, you moron! We're stuck! What if you're called in for a meeting?! What then, huh? You going to carry me in like this?!"

Feixiao just chuckled, a low, rumbling, contented sound. "Tell 'em... 'm... 'specting the new... tactical formations..."

She wasn't done.

Now that she was anchored, her hips began to move again. The motion was different—it couldn't be the in-and-out pounding from before. This was a deep, powerful, internal rocking.

She'd pull back just an inch, just enough to drag that swollen, locked knot against your insides, stretching you in a way that made your toes curl, and then slam her hips forward again, the full, thick shaft filling every millimeter of you.

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack. Her thighs, slick with your own fluids and her sweat, started up their rhythm against your ass again.

"Gah! Feixiao... stop... that's...hngh..." Your complaints were dying in your throat, betrayed by the way your own hips had started to twitch, a pathetic, involuntary response to the overwhelming stimulation.

"Shhh..." she murmured, her voice a low, happy, drooling purr right

against your ear.

You let your head thunk against the wood, your arms trembling under your own weight. You were just going to have to ride this out.

Feixiao, sensing your resignation, let out another happy, drunken rumble. She shifted, her weight a crushing, comforting, terrifying presence on your back. The movement sent a deep, internal grind through you as that swollen knot twisted inside. You groaned, your hips twitching uselessly.

"Shhh, shhh, it's okay, buddy," she slurred, her voice suddenly right next to your ear again.

Then, her massive hands moved. They left your hips, and for one wild, stupid moment, you thought she was disengaging.

Instead, they planted themselves on the table on either side of your head.

Slam. Slam. Her palms hit the wood, caging you completely. Your world narrowed to the dark, stained grain of the wood beneath your face and the two pale, strong-fingered walls on either side of it.

She leaned over you, her heavy, toned torso pressing down on your back, her hair falling forward to brush against your shoulders. You were pinned. Pinned by her weight from above, pinned by her hands at your head, and pinned by her knot inside.

"Hnngh... fuck..." she breathed, her voice no longer boisterous, but a low, strained gasp.

Her hips started moving again, not the wild, drunken pounding from before, but a deep, powerful, grinding rhythm. With her hands braced, she had full leverage. She was just using you, rocking her pelvis, driving that thick, locked-in knot deeper, churning it inside you, mashing her hips against your ass with a wet smush that seemed to shake your whole body.

You could smell the sweat beading on her skin, the sharp, potent musk of her arousal, flooding your Foxian senses until you were dizzy with it. Her breaths were coming in short, harsh pants right against your neck.

"Hhhh..." she gasped, her hips stuttering, locking down in one deep, agonizingly full press. "Fuck... fuck, 'm... 'm gonna... 'm gonna cum..."

Your own body was a raw, overstimulated, trembling mess. You were so full you ached, and now this.

"Oh, for fucksake, Fei!" you snapped, your voice hoarse. "Just... hurry the fuck up and do it! My arms are falling asleep!"

A wet, guttural laugh erupted from her. Your exasperation, your permission, was the only thing she'd needed.

"Okay! Okay!" she roared, a sound of pure, triumphant joy. "Heeeeere... it... COMES!"

Her entire, massive frame went rigid. Her back arched, her muscles locking like steel cables, pressing you impossibly flat. Her hands, braced by your head, clamped down, her fingers digging into the wood. You could hear her fangs click together as she bared them, her face contorting, melting into a mask of pure, stupid, overwhelming pleasure.

And then you felt it.

Deep inside you, past that swollen, immovable knot, came the first spasm. Her hips gave a violent, involuntary clench, and a searingly hot, thick gush of fluid shot deep into your core.

You cried out, a high, strangled sound, as the heat and volume of it hit you. It was... so much.

But she wasn't done. That was just the first load.

"HNNNNNGH!" she groaned, her voice cracking. Her balls, which you could feel slapping heavily against your ass, clenched up tight, pulsing in time with the second load that flooded you. And a third.

It was potent. You could feel the quality of it—thick, heavy. It was just load after load, a relentless, pumping deluge that didn't seem to have an end. Her hips were just clamping down, spasm after spasm, milking every last, superheated drop into you.

You were full. You were full after the first pump. Now, you were... overflowing. The hot, cramping pressure was unbearable. It had nowhere to go. It was being forced up, flooding your womb, filling you from the inside out like a wineskin.

You let out a choked sob, your head swimming. The pressure in your lower abdomen was immense, a hot, heavy, stretching ache.

Trembling, you risked a glance down, past your own chest, at your stomach.

Your flat, toned belly was gone.

In its place, a distinct, tight, rounded bulge was swelling, distending your abdomen from the inside. It was visibly larger than it had been seconds before, a taut, hot, ballooned curve testifying to the utterly massive amount of semen she had just pumped into you.

Feixiao finally collapsed, her full weight slumping onto your back. She was boneless, spent, her face buried in your shoulder, her breathing coming in ragged, wet pants.

She was still knotted. She was still inside you. And you were just lying there, pinned, aching, and full to bursting.

Chapter 2: Bit of A Mouthful

Chapter Summary

Very similar to the first chapter just oral

Chapter Notes

I was looking through old shit to post cause I'm too lazy to make new stuff rn and this was in there. Got reminded I made it after looking through some DMs. Unfortunately like half finished so there isn't any orgasm scene. Probably really similar to the first chapter as it was made around that time however many months ago.

So this doesn't count as another knot fic this was made at the same time so it literally does not count okay. Like at all. In any way shape or form. There will be no new ones, for a long. LONG. Time.

I am capable of change, all of you however are not.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hah! See? Knew you were a good sport!"

Feixiao's voice was a booming, cheerful rumble, echoing in the room and regrettably in your ears. It was closely followed by a frequent wet slap as her hips lunged forward again, driving that thick knot right against your nose and lips.

You were full. You'd been full. Your world had shrunk to a few key, overwhelming sensations: the ache in your knees from being on the floor, the overpowering, musky scent of her arousal, and the constant, punishing pressure at the back of your throat.

It was just... too much.

What had started as a few rounds on the sparring mats, slick with sweat and bravado, had dissolved into a shared bottle of liquor. One thing had led to another—a drunken shove, a laughing tackle, and then her looking down at you, grin wide and breath panting. "Y'know," she'd slurred, "there's one more tie-breaker..."

Feixiao was holding you like a toy. One massive, calloused hand was

clamped firmly on your shoulder, not to pin you, but more like ballast. She was swaying on her feet, and her grip was the only thing keeping her upright. Her other hand was tangled in your hair, fingers brushing the base of your sensitive ears as she enthusi-fucking-astically ruffled your head.

"You're takin' it like a champ! Hah!" she roared with laughter, and the motion made her thrust again, deep and clumsy.

You couldn't even gag properly. There wasn't room. Her dick was just too big, thick as your wrist. It was so long that it seemed to bend slightly under its own weight when she back, before it was slamming home again. The tapered tip of it was scraping the very back of your throat, triggering a teary-eyed reflex you had no power to stop. Saliva and precum dripped from the corners of your mouth, painting your chin.

Your heightened senses were a special kind of hell. The smell was overpowering—that goddamn musk, mixed with sweat and the smell of booze. And the sound... Her loud, breathy grunts, her slurred words of encouragement, and the constant, wet, plunging noise of her stuffing your throat. No matter what way you tried tried to angle your ears, you couldn’t hope to block it all out.

"Whoa—hic—almost lost my balance!" she laughed, stumbling a step. You were dragged with her, still over half a foot deep, your knees dragging. "Good thing you're sturdy, eh? Hah!"

This was just... Feixiao. Big, friendly, and completely, utterly unaware of her own devastating strength or size. She was just having a grand old time with her friend, her hips rocking in that mindless, powerful, dog-like rhythm, plowing your face with a piece of meat that felt more like a weapon than a body part.

She grunted, a sound deeper and more pleased this time. Her hips hitched, and she pushed forward in a long, shuddering lunge that drove the air from your lungs and made your vision spot. That fat, swollen knot at the base was a solid, unyielding barrier, pressing so hard against your jaw you were sure it would leave a bruise.

"Oh, yeah," she breathed out, her voice suddenly less of a boom and more of a satisfied purr. "That's... that's the stuff."

Her hand tightened in your hair, not a rough pull, but just a solid grip, holding your head steady as she began to move with a little more purpose. Her body seeking a simple, physical release. And you were

just along for the ride, head full, eyes watering, swallowing desperately around the colossal bulk of your General.

This was, you supposed, what loyalty looked like.

At least, you hoped the Arbiter-Generals appreciated this level of dedication from the lower ranks.

Feixiao was just mating with your face, plain and simple. She was a huge, clumsy, happy animal, pants hitched around her muscled thighs, her hips locked in a powerful, humping rhythm. She was panting, heavy and wet, her sharp fangs glinting in the low light of her quarters, a sheen of sweat on her brow.

"Hah... You're... you're such a good... hhnnn... buddy," she panted, her voice a drunken slur that vibrated straight down the impossible length of her dick and into your chest. "Always... always here for me... ngh!"

With every word, she thrust, and you were pretty sure the tip of her was starting to bruise your esophagus. You were drowning. Your ears, so sensitive, were filled with the awful, wet, slapping sound of her flesh hitting your face, the sound of her heavy breathing, and your own muffled, desperate chokes.

Any attempt at resistance was a joke. You couldn't push her away; she weighed more than three of you and was solid, toned muscle. You couldn't escape her grip. The only thing you could do, your one, tiny point of defiance, was at your mouth.

Every time she pulled back, it felt like a magic trick. It just kept coming. Nearly a solid foot of glistening, veined, red meat would slide free, absolutely coated in your saliva, before she'd grunt happily and slam it all the way back home, burying herself to the hilt again.

But she wasn't just burying the shaft. She was trying to tie the knot.

That thick, swollen, vascular ridge at the base of her cock. It thudded against your lips with every single lunge, brutally. You kept your lips clenched, a desperate, stubborn purse, denying it entry. You could take the shaft—barely—but if that thing swelled inside your mouth, you'd never get her out. Your jaw would break.

But of course along with your resistance, she was getting frustrated.

Her happy, mindless rhythm slowly came to a close. She pulled back just an inch and gave a solid, deliberate shove. The knot slamming

against your closed mouth.

"Nngh..." A low whine rumbled in her chest, the sound she usually made when she was denied another bottle of wine. "C'mon, nghh... open up."

You shook your head frantically, a motion that was mostly just grinding your throat against her. A strangled "Mmmph-Nnn!" was the only sound you could make.

"Aw, c'mon!" she complained, and she sounded genuinely, petulantly offended. Like a child you'd just taken a toy from. "Don't be like that! I just wanna... hnngh... lemme in!"

She pulled back almost all the way, that shocking, dripping length of her springing free into the air, before she lunged forward hard, aiming the knot right at your lips like a battering ram.

SCHLAP.

You held firm, your jaw aching, tears streaming from your eyes.

"Fei...mmph!" you tried to protest, but she was already humping against your mouth, grinding that thick, swollen sphere against your lips, trying to find purchase.

"Just... just a little!" she begged, her voice high and whiny. "It's the best part! Lemme... lemme knot you, buddy, please? C'mon!"

But you did your best to give her absolutely nothing, god knows she didn't deserve it with that attitude.

However she took your continued, teary-eyed refusal as a challenge. A grin, all fangs, split her face. "Oh-ho, playin' hard to get, huh? Like a little... hic... clam!"

Her hips gave another powerful, clumsy shove, not a full thrust, but a grinding, purposeful push, trying to wedge the crown of that knot past your teeth. "Open up! C'mon! Open! Open!" she chanted, her voice a laughing, demanding, drunken chuckle as she relentlessly assaulted your mouth, determined to win this new, ridiculous game.

You were losing. You were losing ground, and you both knew it.

This wasn't a fight anymore, it was erosion. Feixiao, in her drunken, single-minded state, had decided that knotting your mouth was the

new objective of the evening, and by aeon she was going to win.

"C'mooooooon," she whined, her voice a low rumble. She wasn't thrusting deep anymore. She was just... churning, her hips rocking as she relentlessly ground that thick, swollen curve against your clenched lips. "Don't be... hic... don't be mean! Just... nngh...!"

The sheer pressure was agony. Your jaw felt like it was going to unhinge. The warmth of her, the friction of that flesh rubbing against your mouth, was making her pant, her eyes half-lidded.

"Oh, fuck... 's so good... even like this..." she moaned, her voice thick. "But I wanna... I wanna be all the way in! Please?"

She gave another, harder shove, wedging the front-most part of the knot between your lips. You could feel them stretch, slick and warm, forced apart. A strangled, protesting noise died in your throat, which was still plugged by the thick shaft.

You tried to buck your head, to twist away, but it was useless. It was like trying to shrug off a mountain. Both of her hands tangled in your hair. Her playful, whiny demeanor vanished, replaced by a sudden, focused intent.

"Gotcha," she grunted, a sound of low triumph.

It was a slow, agonizing, unstoppable push. You could feel your lips stretch to an impossible degree. The knot pressed against your teeth, and then, with a wet pop, it was through.

Your entire world went white with the sheer, overwhelming fullness.

Feixiao let out a deep, shuddering groan, a sound that came from the bottom of her chest. Her hips gave one final, powerful lunge, seating the knot fully inside your mouth, slamming her pelvis hard against your chin right as it swelled.

The knot inflated, a solid, pulsing, warm mass of flesh that filled every single millimeter of your mouth, distending your cheeks, pressing your tongue flat, and locking your jaw open at its widest possible angle. You were impaled. You were stuck. Her dick was now a single, immovable, 18 inch thick column from her groin to the back of your throat.

Her whole body went lax, her weight settling on you. She was still holding your head, but the grip was almost gentle now, more for

balance as she swayed, her eyes rolling back a little.

"Ahhhhh..." she breathed, the words a hot puff of air. “That's it."

You couldn't move. You couldn't breathe through your mouth. You couldn't make a sound except a faint, pathetic whine deep in your sinuses. All you could do was glare up at her, your eyes streaming, drool and her pre-slick now dripping in a steady stream from the hopelessly stretched corners of your mouth.

Your expression was one of pure, unadulterated annoyance.

"See? See?" she murmured, ruffling the top of your head, completely oblivious to your silent fury. "Toldja it would fit."

She let out another long, satisfied sigh, her hips giving a tiny, involuntary clench.

"Oh, wow... that feels... fuck..." she whispered, her voice hazy with pleasure. "It fits... 's like a glove. So tight... hnnn... your... your throat's all... all grippin' me..."

She leaned back just enough to look down at you, her teal eyes hazy and drunk. A huge, goofy, fanged grin spread across her face.

"You're the best friend, y'know that? Hic... really. Th' absolute best."

Chapter End Notes

What’s your favorite type of knot comment down below.

Mine is a double half hitch.

End Notes

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!